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THIS IS A CHRONICLE OF EVENTS AS TOLD BY YITZHAK FERBER WHO LIVED THROUGH THE HOLOCAUST IN THE CITY OF LVOV, BORDERING ON POLAND AND UKRAINE, DURING THE YEARS OF 1941--1943. TRANSLATED FROM THE HEBREW.

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On the 22nd day of June 1941, at about four o'clock in the morning, the rumbling of bombs awoke us from our sleep. Who could explain these shocks about the war that was soon to break out? We only whispered about it but officially we were never reminded about it until this day; we also did not fear or make any preparation for war. We waited for the radio emissions which would be given daily every morning--news in German, Italian, and English. In the streets, groups would gather together, and after several opinions, the decision was that these bombs were only maneuvers of pilots.

At nine o'clock that morning came the official news from the Minister: at two o'clock in the morning the Germans proclaimed war on the USSR and surrounding towns and cities. In the meantime, people gathered on the streets in Lvov, particularly in the food stores to prepare food supplies. In a few hours the draft for men began--the radio transmitting personal messages to all men eligible for the draft--between the ages of 20 and 35. The following day the soldier population began to leave the town in crowds--people were frightened. On the third day an order was decreed together with a strong threat that everyone was to remain in their homes; those who had left were to return to their place of residence. In Tarnapol refugees were stopped and had to return to their homes. On the fourth day, many returned to work. During the day the Germans bombed the city; self defense against the air attack was very strong. On the fifth day, the Red Army began its retreat from the city--a bloody retreat, as the tanks that crossed the city would fire into the windows of the houses; and as a reaction to the firing of the Fifth Army, together with the Ukranians in the city, Germans would bomb from the sky, and all the citizens would flee and hide in shelters. The last sight of the retreating Red Army was a desperate one and to our sorrow did not predict anything very good. So this is how SOVIET rule ended in the city of Lvov; they left

a lot of loot and dead bodies.

Early on the morning of June 30, 1941, the last German patrols on motorcycles entered the city; there were a number of motorcycles patrolling other parts of the city. The Jews, struck by fear at first, would not leave their houses; later, when they saw that all was quiet, they went out, at first one by one; later, in groups. The Ukranians who were happy with this new setup filled the streets and welcomed the Germans with applause and shouts of HEIL HITLER!. That same day there were no riots. On the third day, in the early hours of the morning, the first orders of the German government were publicized; among other things, to turn in all radio transmitters. Another order: everyone was to report to their place of work; that same day they began identifying and burying all those who had been killed by the Soviets in different sections of the city. And at that hour the Ukranians began their first POGROM against the Jews of Lvov. If they caught a Jewish passerby they would grab some metal from their own house and beat him brutally; force the Jews to sweep the streets with handkerchiefs or with their hands. One group was forced to crawl to the School on hands and knees; this included the rabbi and men of all ages. Those brutes did not protect the women either; those Jews were forced to bury the dead. Very few among them ever returned home. And on that same day, on Saturday morning, I saw from the window of my house on Street #2 a car in which a German officer was sitting together with an elderly man with a beard.

Because of the order to return to work I left my house, and that is how I found out about the riots against the Jews. Later on I saw the same old man dressed in priestly clothes and together with the German officer walked towards the Believers of the United Metropolitik--to ask for help for those Jews who were wounded. Unfortunately, his attempts to intervene brought no fruit. Because of the riots of the brutal Ukranians I was forced to hide behind the gate of a house; from there I could see how the brutes brutalized the Jews who were without weapons--they beat them with sticks. In about an hour, Dr. Levin, the rabbi, returned to his home, and when he saw me behind the gate he asked me what I was doing there. I told him of the danger to walk in the streets, but he continued to walk. As I saw this, I, too, left my hiding place, and walked, following

the rabbi a short distance behind. And this is how we arrived at K Street where the rabbi lived. Near his gate the reckless Ukranians caught sight of the rabbi and beat him mercilessly. Dripping with blood, the rabbi was dragged to the jail, and there I was told later he was shot by the Germans. The Jews who witnessed the rabbi's death, returned to their homes.

The pogrom went on for three days during which that time some 4000 people were killed. Similar riots also took place in P Street where the shootings were done by the Germans themselves. The Jews were first forced to lie down on the ground with their face down, hands spread out; then the Germans and the Ukranians would pass over them stomping and trampling on their hands and bodies with their boots, and at the same time whipping them with their whips and sticks. Such a scene went on for hours. The remaining Jews would have to stand with their faces to the wall and had to remain in that position for 48 hours, without food or drink, and as they stood, the Germans and their auxiliaries would fire their rifles over their heads. Finally they were all led to the Vilitski forest nearby -- there they were shot. Jews dressed in caftans and with long side curls were taken in special carts; photographed before sentence was carried out. All were shot. A similar pogrom was organized by the Ukranians on the day of the death of the Trua (?) who was assassinated by a Jew in Paris.

In the month of August an order went out that Jews 14 years old and older were forced to wear a white band on their right arm with the Star of David to distinguish them from the Aryans. A Jewish council was formed, at the head of whom was Dr. Joseph Parnas. At first the Jews would buy their food in the same stores as the Aryans, but Jews had to stand in a special line, and sometimes had to wait a very long time to be waited on. They continued to be harassed and it was then at that time that food provision was provided by opening up special grocery stores under the supervision of the Jewish Council. Rations, however, were imposed and the Jews received only half as much as the Aryans: 1400 grams of bread, and then only 1050 grams a week; 250 grams of sugar, and 400 grams of mouldy flour and the same amount of grits; a box of matches and a few other provisions. At first the Jews did not receive

any cigarettes; allowed to use only one wagon or cart; then a sign was posted on the wagon saying "for Jews only", and after a short while, cable cars were entirely prohibited.

In the theatre, performances were given four times a week for the Germans; three times a week for the Ukranians, and for the Poles, the entrance was prohibited. Then there was a special theatre that previously had belonged to the Jews, but the Germans took it over; the Jews were not allowed in the theatre, the halls or the clubs. A Jewish Supervisory Office together with a Labor Office was formed and their task was to find Jews for labor. These offices under the supervision of the Jews was set up and a club THE HAND OF THE DILIGENT on [illegible] Street was formed. Every Jew with no distinction was forced by that office to work several days a month--it was only possible to be released from this labor by paying a sum of money. There was also a German labor office, and all Jews between the ages of 14 and 60 were forced to work. All the Jews had to register and only the bearer of such a certificate was considered a laborer.

In the second week of July, the first ACTION took place, organized by the SS, the Gestapo and the Ukranian police. After the German invasion of LVOV, the Ukranian police from the municipality were divided up in every quarter of the city. Those caught in the ACTION were drafted mainly from the liberal professions: lawyers, doctors, engineers, businessmen, etc. For two consecutive nights, Jews located in Aryan parts of the city, were dragged from their homes, and according to an estimate, some 2000 people lost their lives. In August, a fine was imposed on the Jews in amount of 20 million rubles--the currency that was then used; substituted later on in Polish gold: five rubles equaled one gold coin; a limit of 2000 rubles was allowed to be exchanged. The Jews were not allowed to enjoy this privilege; the size of the fine frightened the Jews; if the amount itself was not large, the time limit was very small, as most Jews were poverty-stricken due to the confiscation of their money, possessions, etc. while still under Russian rule. Through self-initiative committees were formed in in every quarter of the city by the professionals; they formed sub-committees and used every effort and energy to solve the problems. If the obligation couldn't be fulfilled, they were obliged to turn in their jewelry--rings and in addition, 18

rubles per person. Candelsticks were brought; gold and silver jewelry, etc. and through inhuman effort, the amount was collected and delivered on time.

The SS burned the synagogues of the Jews; bombed and destroyed the temple located on Zenofski Street, and the temple on Chinoka Street (names not correctly spelled)-- all synagogues were razed. This was all carried out at eight o'clock in the evening when all Jews were prohibited to be found on the streets; the prohibition went on all summer and through the winter--first in the city of LVOV, then in the ghetto. Bombing of houses was done with dynamite and gas until nothing remained. The rest of the synagogues together with the Jewish camps and the ghetto were all destroyed. In addition, the Jews were forced to pay tribute, and this weighed heavily on them. They were also forced to deliver goods, utensils, furniture, etc. to various institutions from time to time. The SS and the Gestapo would come and visit systematically the houses of the Jews and would take whatever they could find and load it on buses. Jews were forced to load the booty themselves on the buses. This plunder went on from August 1941 to the end of the year. At this time no Jew could boast that he had even a broken bed to lie on; they were also forced to move into other quarters--the ghetto. The order was given to the Jews to evacuate their homes in one hour; they could take only what their hands would hold, and by the end of the year, not one jew had more than one room to live in. Several families were forced to live together and use one kitchen. Then the SS began with new orders: they would travel by buses in the streets of LVOV; sometimes they would slow down and "invite" the passersby--Jewish ones--old people particularly, to take a seat in the bus;when the buses were filled to overflowing, they would drive them to the end of ---- Street, where they were shot! Action was forced mainly against the old people; the first to be caught was Dr. Joseph Parnas, head of the first Jewish Council, a respectable man who enjoyed his reign in this office and experienced some very bitter times; following his reign, a Dr. Joseph Rotfeller was appointed head of the council. He was an old Zionist businessman, a member of the Zionist organization in Poland. ACTION reached its peak the latter part of November 1941: on the 10th of November the order was given that during

November 15 and December 15, all the Jews had to uproot themselves and move to a specified place FOR JEWS ONLY--the GHETTO! The modern part of the city, beyond the railroad tracks was set apart for the location of the ghetto. Those who wanted a better apartment in the ghetto hurried there and paid a substantial amount of money to the Aryans for an apartment--the Aryans were happy to get the money--they were forced out of their apartments as they were not allowed to live among the Jews. After December 14, the Jews were not allowed outside the ghetto, and the Aryans were forbidden to enter the ghetto. On the bridges outside the ghetto guards were posted, catch the elderly Jews who would then be sent to a place to be shot. Children, too, would beat Jewish passersby; everything was checked, and if anything of value was found in the Jews' apartments it would be confiscated; the plunder went on for days. Jewish children were taken to hospitals to give blood for sick people--the children were never seen again; others were led in open carts accompanied by guards--hundreds daily--and the number of victims, including children, amounted to tens of thousands--can you imagine what a tragedy it was for the Jews of LVOV who were forced to transfer their relatives and loved ones to the ghetto; the Jews were lucky, by an irony of fate, that on December 15 the decree was cancelled for removal of the Jews to the ghetto; this was due mainly to the fact that the Aryans refused to give up their apartments with their many gardens and hothouses. This decree was postponed until the end of February 1942, but the Jews knew no peace after this; the Gestapo continued to enter their homes and plunder: tablecloths, blankets, pillows, golden coins-- it was forbidden to possess German marks whatsoever. In December, under pressure from the German government, the Jewish Council publicized an order that if any of the Jewish women would be found wearing an item such as a fur coat, a cloth coat trimmed with fur--anything of value--they would be shot immediately--there was no other punishment for the Jews but DEATH! You might question: after all their household items, their clothes, etc. were taken away from them, how did

they survive? the answer: they did whatever they could; they hid whatever they could mostly with Aryan families. By the middle of January 1942, to the end of February, there was a kind of remission; here is one example of one event: there was some sort of panic in the streets of LVOV: someone fired a shot from a window at a German officer; the German officer who was not hurt had to decide now if he would report this occurrence to the authorities--even if it was clear that the Jews had absolutely no weapons and should not be accused of this crime; however, he knew that in the end someone did shoot, and his duty was to report it to the authorities. A few moments later, the Gestapo appeared, surrounded three houses, ending in the arrest of 80 men, none of whom returned; this is how the days of the "remission" went by. Those who lived some distance from the street were not aware of what happened, and arrests and deportation to labor camps began. In March 1942, the first deportation started; naive people felt this was only an order to be transfered from one place to another because the Jewish population in LVOV was growing and it would cause problems. The ones first to be deported were the unemployed; the evacuation began at midnight, and this is how it happened: first a knock on a window, then a shout: YOU ARE BEING EVACUATED--TAKE LUGGAGE UP TO 25 KILOS AND YOUR MONEY! The evacuees were then brought to a local school building; there they were confronted by the commandant and the leader of the SS brigade, Katzmann, and others. They were the ones to investigate and determine if the evacuees weren't laborers; then they were taken in open wagons to the railway station and there by freight cars to BELZEC--to the gas chambers, to be burned in the ovens. This action was successful because they (the Jews) had "deceived and cheated" the people! The Jewish Council distributed food rations as the evacuees entered the wagons--the majority of the distressed Jews knew their end was near and sat, discouraged and depressed. IN THIS ACTION, ABOUT TEN THOUSAND JEWS WERE KILLED! It is very easy to understand the feeling of those who remained, but it is important to point out that there were those Jews who were naive and unrealistic, and who did not for one moment believe that it was humanly possible to annihilate, cremate, and exterminate three million Jews in Poland without leaving a single remnant

of a refugee!

In the winter of 1942, the second head of the Jewish Council, a Dr. Rotfelder, died after a lengthy and difficult illness; this man was totally dedicated to the community; well respected and honored. He was the last one to have a eulogy which is usually done in "normal" times.

During this time a sort of quiet reigned; tension lessened. The Council again under the order of the authorities demanded that young Jewish girls work in the fields; at first, the Jews were suspicious of these actions of the Germans, and only a small group of girls went to work in the fields. Soon rumors spread that the work indeed was easy; the food good, and so a number of Jewish girls were enticed to follow the others to work in the fields--the traces of all of these Jewish young girls disappeard forever--what was their fate? It will remain a secret for all time. You might ask: why did those girls volunteer? The answer of course--the cry of the shrewd--is MISERY; also the threats that those who were unemployed would not receive labor cards. The German government never slumbered: all those who worked were required to carry a registration card, a certificate, and their picture, approved by the German labor office. Even spouses who worked in the houses of the workers received a card with the word HOUSEWIFE and with the card, a white band with the Star of David, and the letter A (for ARBEITER) in the middle. Thousands of these cards were printed and the number of cards were filed in the labor office. If we conclude that the number of workers in the Jewish Council came to about 5,000, we must conclude that some 5,000 were sent to BELZEC for extermination!

(CASS. #1,side #2)

After this action, a quiet period reigned lasting for about three months, and except for a few isolated incidents of deportation, some arrests, and movement from one place to another (even though during this period the misery and suffering was TERRIBLE: food was lacking; black market was running wild: butter cost a number of golden coins; matches 1-1/2 golden coins)--the action ceased. However, under the above conditions, starvation, sickness, misery, depression, diseases began spreading.

In early June, a new decree was issued: the pressure was now put upon the factories the replace all Jewish workers with Aryans; many managers refused to do this because there were many Aryans who did not want these jobs; the Jewish workers were underpaid and overworked and exploited.

On June 10, 1942, Saturday, all entrances to the city of LVOV were surrounded, as were all railway stations. No one was allowed to leave the city. On June 12, people arose early that morning; the Jews who lived in the suburbs were awakened by shouts and firing of shots; all this was done not only by the SS and the Gestapo, but by a special group brought in, and the Ukranian and Jewish militia--those who did not live thru this event couldn't possibly imagine what went on--can you picture the torture the men went through who had to leave their wives and children and his parents; the frightening feeling that he knows he will never see them again alive, and he, too, doubts that he will ever return alive. Nights were spent in shelters and hiding places, and when these hiding places were discovered either by treason of fellow searchers in the alleys, the rooftops, the attics, one would return home to find wife, children, parents missing--not one person remained of an entire family. A worker would return home to see the deportation of his family; he would plead and cry for help, and you would just stand there, helpless. The police would then beat you with their whips. Such action would begin daily at 5:30 in the morning and end at 7:30 in the evening. Guards and sentries would search the houses twice a day to check and plunder, turning everything upside down. Those who did not belong were shot on the spot; others were thrown out like baggage onto carts--there was no end to the shouting and screaming--the street was vacated and only SS men and guards were there.

On the fourth day, another evil befell the Jews; all Jews received BLUE stars who worked in the institutions; RED stars were valid because the BLUE stars were given by the institutions under the management of the mayor of LVOV, Dr. Heller. There were approximately 300 people employed in those institutions, most of them learned people and specialists of one kind or another. Those people felt they were secure. I was also employed there as manager of the Laundry located on K Street #1720-22

also on O Street #9. The ones who work in these institutions would leave in the morning from their homes; would be stopped under this new decree. As one of the affected, let me describe my experience and the experience of my household during this action: On the first day, in the morning, I went with my wife, my son and my daughter to work; the fear of leaving my family at home made me want to protect them--on the roof of the Laundry. When I discovered that our stamps were worthless, I went to the manager of the institution and received a temporary pass to remain in the Laundry; then I was told the whole matter would be cleared up: I would receive a RED star in exchange for the BLUE one; this pass would then be good for all the workers of the Laundry.

On the following morning, all the houses were surrounded from all exits; the Gestapo broke into the Laundry equipped with pistols, and forced all of us into the yard, all the while beating us with their whips. Then the real terror began! Our manager, Mr. Kaufmann, an engineer, appeared; he tried to intervene on our behalf, but to no avail: we believe that our end was near. Discouraged, we waited to be led down the last road. Suddenly, something surprising happened! The commandant of the SS and the commandant of the brigade, as well as the governor of LVOV and surroundings, showed up. Accompanied by beatings, the governor questioned each one of us; i.e., what our profession was; where we worked, etc. The workers of the Laundry were lucky--we were separated from the rest and ordered to return to work. This is how 500 people were saved and close to 2600 people, not including the foreigners who were hiding with us, lost their lives, even tho they had the identity cards required by the authorities. Another institution that suffered was the Jewish Council; there were about 5000 people employed; they had their own offices: labor office, economy office, security office, and many stores in every part of the city: tax office, hospitals on K Street, burial office, etc. Those people employed by the Jewish Council did not have to wear the band and the number or letter A; they did not have registration cards according to the order of the authorities; it was enough for them to have a certificate from the Council indicating that they were employed in one of their offices. Turned out that the authorities refused

to recognize these certificates, and the workers of the Council were abandoned to the beatings of the oppressors. In the hospitals as well, a thorough "purification" was done: all the workers were taken away as were the doctors; they were led in open carts to the trial cart; at the end of each wagon stood a Ukranian or German policeman and whoever moved wou ld be beaten. Then they were all assembled on the big square near the camp; everything of value was taken from them. They were forced to take off all their clothes and remain naked. In this condition they were herded into freight cars; the clothing was sent to the Laundry where I worked. The manner in which these people were led to the wagons was most cruel--there are no words to describe it! People were so crammed into the wagons that they couldn't even move; some died almost immediately; others on the way; they couldn't get rid of the dead bodies; no food or drink was allowed them even after being forced to stand in a line an entire day until there was room in the wagons. Action continued until June 4, 1942. The Jewish population of LVOV was reduced to 60,000.

On the next day, early morning, signs could be seen posted in the city issuing a new decree by Katzmann that <u>all</u> Jews had to move into the Jewish ghetto set up on the other side of the railway tracks. If someone hid a Jew or try to help he would be put to death immediately. In due time every Jew was moved into the ghetto and the Aryans had to move out. This new decree and the action that followed did not leave any hope in the heart of even the most optimistic Jew; they all recognized now that no one would be saved unless they could escape, so Jews began to try and find hiding places with some of the Aryan families in return for large sums of money; some Aryans agreed to hide Jews for the money; others felt sorry for the Jews, mostly women the children who were taken into Aryan homes and tried to get Aryan certificates. Many left LVOV and went into villages; many to Warsaw and also to the Ukraine. The trip East took place with the help of two young people who devoted days and nights to prepare travel carts and they succeeded. Many were saved, among them my daughter, thanks to these two young people. During that time the Jewish Council was reorganized. Crowds of Jews gathered in front of the Jewish Council Housing office--the ones who were unable to find a roof over their heads in the ghetto. The scenes were devastating, and would usually end in beatings with sticks and whips--and eventual shooting. The

following day, eighteen people were hanged from the balconies of their houses, among them the head of the Jewish Council, Mr. Lansberger. The corpses hung there for 24 hours. After that, the transfer to the ghetto went on without further disturbance. In the ghetto, a new life began: the Jewish Council was burdened with new problems. After the death of Mr.Lansberg, a new head of the council was elected, Dr. Aberzon, a very honest, respectable and devoted man. The Council was forced to build a FENCE around the ghetto and to find a place for those who had no apartment. It so happened that more than once, members of a family would be separated and had to live in different apartments. One example: in one apartment, size 29 meters, one room and a kitchen served eight families --total number 18 in all, but there were even worse conditions: the ghetto was also set aside as a jail for the Jews; there, Jewish prisoners lived together with no distinction of their crimes; conditions in the jails were terrible--beyond description; no food or drink were given the prisoners; they were kept until the jail was overcrowded; the the prisoners were taken to a spot near the Christian Orphanage home and shot! This evacuation took place once a week. After moving into the ghetto, the workers were able to go to work on their own; they used the time to get food for those remaining in their apartment; only the workers were allowed to wander around LVOV; even ghetto Jews wereforbidden to be found on the streets after 9 at night; and if you bear in mind that there was a curfew, you might be able to describe to yourself the conditions in which the Jews live. Germans, too, were forbidden to enter the ghetto; a German garrison stood guard; and this is how another period of two months went by with a bit of "peace and quiet."

THen came a new order: every worker had to wear a sign either bearing the letter W (Wehrmacht) or the letter R (?) depending on the kind of work they were doing. This sign was to be worn on the left side of the breast--the trick was clear: it was those who couldn't get the Jewish release for the workers of a Schwartz factory; those workers used to live in a special barracks and they were allowed to keep their children below age of 12. On Monday of that same month, early in the morning,

guards were standing inside the ghetto. Work on the fence around the ghetto had not yet been finished. There was only one exit to the ghetto; that was under the bridge through the gate on P. Street. That same morning no one was allowed to leave the ghetto, except those workers who had the necessary signs with the letter W or R on them, signed with the SS signature. This action, even though no one expected it, surprised many Jews, for the fence had not been completed and many of the workers had not yet received the necessary signs from the different firms; the surprise was for those who had already decided to flee the ghetto and were found only by accident; those who returned from work in the evening found the gate closed; upon entering they were thoroughly searched; two Gestapo men dressed in civilian clothes gave blows with their clubs to whoever came in, on their covered heads. Those Jews to wore hats were forced to remove them when passing by the Germans. This went on for two days--the Jews of LVOV were given no respite. In addition to the numerous arrests, TYPHUS was rampant, and this disease took its daily toll of dozens of lives. In addition to this, the Jews were told every second or third day to bring forth a number of people; that particular night, for instance, they came up with 300 or 500 people and the Nazis told them they would be left in peace, but of course the promises of the Nazis were never kept. Every time they requested more people. In the ghetto there were many "illegal" Jews in shelters or hiding places and even at night they were unable to rest peacefully; food was very scarce in the ghetto; the workers would now get their ration of food at the work place itself. In December, a decree was issued: until the end of the year the worker was to move into an apartment near his work place. Houses were allocated as barracks--every factory received a certain number of rooms according to the number of workers; every worker received two meters of space; a new fence was built. Another decree went out to the Jewish Council - one of LIQUIDATION--and the fate of the last head of the Jewish Council was similar to his predecessor. The new commandant assigned was assistant director of the SS division. On the side of the Jews a delegate was assigned by the Jewish police--name of Rosen. On this day, in the Jewish town, the

JUDENLAGE was stained with blood--the entire ghetto was destroyed and many "illegals" were arrested. Peak of this POGROM was reached on the fifth and sixth days of January 1943. On these days many were killed on the spot, and their houses set afire. Billows of smoke from the burning houses could be seen from afar. Houses on Jordlana Street were burned together with their inhabitants! People returning from work in the dark in the Judenlage (the Jewish camp) encountered bodies that fell on the main road and had not been buried. It sometimes happened that the one returning home from work, tired, depressed, discouraged, would find the body of his wife on the floor; his mother, child or children. This situation went on until January 10; from that time on it was forbidden to walk anywhere alone--only in groups accompanied by a police guard. Those who were found walking alone would be arrested and taken to the labor camp. Inspectors would check (every morning) those going out to work. The ones wearing the sign W were fortunate but they would pull out of the ranks some youngsters, and shoot them as the onlookers looked on HORRIFIED! When the JUDENLAGE was set up, material was transfered to Weisenhof Street, but conditions did not change there; they would empty the jail more often. The prisoners were all Jews who had been taken from the city and caught in quarters that were assigned to Aryans. Among these prisoners was the well-known lawyer, the defendant of Steiger, Dr. Laib Landau, who was snatched from the Aryan house where he was found, and all attempts to save him failed. An artist from the Acadamie was also arrested ---- even though this artist had converted to Christianity years earlier. Workers of small firms would also be taken off to jail if they were in small groups; if in larger groups, would be taken to a labor camp. Jews working in kitchens in the city were eliminated. In February, the head of the company, First Sergeant Jiminek, and his assistant, destroyed the labor camp in Korovitz. Appearance of this first sergeant left no doubt in the minds of the Jews of their fate. Jimek and his assistant lived behind the ghetto going and returning from work; they would ride in a cart pulled by Jews. Jimek would never part from his machinegun which hung on his back--he was OBSESSED with the KILLING of his victims!

On the fence and in the walls of the houses were posters stating: THERE MUST BE ORDER!! From the day the JUDENLAGE was set up (which was officially called the EXTERMINATION CAMP), there never had been such wonderful order! Windows shone like mirrors; if a small speck was discovered on a windowpane, the attendant would break the window to pieces; stairways, halls, streets would be polished; carpets and rugs spread on them. Before 7 in the morning already the rooms would be neat and orderly, because at that time JIMEK would begin his rounds in the barracks. People too were forced to work; in fact, it was forbidden to even become sick in the camp; those gravely ill would be sent to the hospital then evacuated. People working in the hospitals weren't spared either. Jimek also formed a JEWISH ORCHESTRA; members were chosen, and Christians would play daily in the morning when the workers went to work, and on Sundays at noon, and in the city square. In early February, the firm of Schwartz sharply reduced its workers; it had employed almost 3000 workers in three shifts; by the thousands, people were fired. The result of this reduction was clear: those who were fired were forced to leave their apartments and live in different barracks. (It is important to note that even though people were so cramped for space they were happy to take in those people without housing. As time went on, there was more space as Jimek made every effort to get the people out of their apartments. One day Jimek announced that all who were fired would again be accepted into the Schwartz factory, but this time people were not enticed--they didn't fall into his trap. In the early days of March, a new campaign took place called the Schwartz Campaign. Those Jews who could not be found; those who had been fired could not be found, and those who returned home on the night shift were immediately arrested, as well as children who were found in the house. The number was 600 and a few more "to fill the quota." This action of EXTERMINATION was all done as the JEWISH ORCHESTRA WAS PLAYING!!

In the early hours of March 16, 1943, some Jews tried to escape; they were stopped by an SS man from their camp on #56 Street. The escapees aimed their gun, shot the SS man,

and fled. Revenge soon followed; an SS brigade invaded the JUDENLAGE, the Jewish Camp; they took twelve men and hanged them--most of them Jewish officers; also Mahler, Commander of the Militia, who had come there to intervene on behalf of someone else due to be hanged--and here he was, being HANGED HIMSELF!

The corpses were put on display until noon of the following day--where passersby were forced to look at them. Mahler's wife discovered her husband, hanging there when she returned from work.

On March 17, a new extermination program began, particularly among the workers. It seemed that the SS and the Gestapo had devised a plan to annihilate ALL THE JEWS OF LVOV. When would this take place? When the workers were on their way to work--they had to walk in a certain order, under the leadership of one of the SS brigade--a few meters ahead of the workers.

END TAPE #1, SIDE #2) -now page 23

Refer to conclusion page 22

TAPE #2, SIDE #1

... (there seems to be some dialogue missing, but this is where tape #2, side #1 starts)

... souls were cramped together and even lying down; there wasn't enough space for all of us--but why complain? Wasn't this better than the ghetto and the bunker, we said. This problem isn't going to last more than a day and a half; soon we'll reach Turkey and there we'll be FREE! My brother-in-law, Uri Levin, a respected businessman from Lvov, 38 years old, together with his wife, Manya from the Schwartzburg family in Vilna; a University student, 22 years old; my brother's wife's brother, 18 years old, Herbert Levin, were among the first ones to enter the SECOND SHIP; they called out their names ten minutes after nine. After this, they separated us. We took this separation very sadly, but we comforted one another, for in two days we would all be together again; however, this really was not to be: the short separation would be a separation FOREVER! I never saw them again!.

At eight in the evening precisely, our transports left. There were three ships accompanied by a Roumanian boat and a Roumanian warship. The weather was beautiful; Roumanian Jews

sang the Roumanian anthem. We were sailing to ISRAEL in Turkish boats provided by the Roumanians under the RED CROSS flag. We were all in a good mood, full of hope.

After two hours of travel, the distance between the three ships widened. Our ship swayed but smoothly. At first some of us were stricken by seasickness, and later, more and more got sick. You could hear people shouting "I'm sick! I'm sick! I'm fainting--bring a doctor," and so on. We reached Bulgarian waters; the Ukranian guards left us--and so, the first day of our trip passed. In the evening we returned to our hole beneath the deck, tired, with no energy left. On the deck there was no room, and the Turkish sailor whom we could not understand did not allow us to remain on deck. The sea became turbulent; we could hear orders: EVERYONE TO THE RIGHT--EVERYONE TO THE LEFT! This of course was to create a balance. At two o'clock in the morning, the ship stopped; there were mysterious movements; we could hear orders to put on life jackets; we were not allowed to go on deck; the Captain ran around like a wild animal; one hand held a pistol, the other, a knife. Hitting and brandishing the knife and the pistol to the right and to the left, he would yell what happened--ONE OF THE THREE SHIPS HAD SUNK! Ejectors of German warships were upon us; pieces of the sunken ship floated on the waters close to our boat; there was no hope of saving any of the passengers--the situation was desperate! We are waiting--when are they going to sink OUR ship, too? The strike by the Germans continues until dawn; finally, towards morning, the German ships left, and we finally found out the details of the accident: at twelve-thirty at night, the Germans attacked the ship and fired at her; those trying to save themselves were shot by a submachine gun, and as the Germans were shooting, they were yelling: HEIL HITLER! After they left, a few were saved: five Jews and three sailors, and among them the Captain. Some were drowned underneath our ship; others at a distance of five meters. Now I knew that my brother-in-law, his wife, her brother, and many other dear friends had lost their lives. Three-hundred-and-fifty Jews (350) found their gave that night in the Black Sea in the Bulgarian waters. Ferdie Grifer's father, traveling together with me, is still asleep, and doesn't know that his dear son

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who put his life in danger so many times to save his father was dead. This is the second incident already where young people endangering their own lives to save their parents lost their lives. We, the five of us, continued on our journey depressed, discouraged and at six in the evening, the sea became turbulent again. It had been quiet all day. Rain came down and the ships were swaying like a swing, and once more we could hear the order: EVERYONE TO THE RIGHT; EVERYONE TO THE LEFT! The waves were so high they covered the ship. Again we were to put on our life jackets; many passengers were lying down, not knowing what to do; they had no strength not even to move. The water is being pumped out, and slowly we are again advancing. The storm is quieter but the ocean is still raging. At night we got close to the Bosphorus (strait separating European and Asian Turkey) We were prohibited from entering into it; the waves were several meters high; the Captain takes a risk and takes the ship between the Straits of the Bosphorus; here, it was simply a miracle! the gale of the sea simply LIFTED our ship to a height of at least 1-1/2 stories, and again dropped us into the stormy sea. The waves could have easily thrown us onto the rocks. We are now circling around waiting for the right moment to enter the Bosphorus. We are all waiting to set foot on the ground- to get off that old ship. We were circling around for several hours. At the end of that time, the Captain led our ship east along the shore and continued to sail until we reached a small bay on the Turkish shores--a distance of about one kilometer from the Bulgarian border. The sailors then got into a rowboat and reached the shores; there they are to announce our arrival and receive a permit to go ashore. Negotiations lasted for almost two days; there were no provisions left, and the water supply was quickly dwindling. Meat and sausages we had carried with us had rotted and we had to throw them overboard. (You could have imagined that our trip from Constantinople to Istanbul would have lasted a week, and that we would have had to take only enough provisions for such a length of time). Finally, on the third day, people

were getting off on shore--250 meters from our ship. It took all night until the next morning for all the passengers to land on shore. At night we slept under the stars; we received bread and olives. The surroundings were infected with malaria, and we felt its symptoms after a short while. We lit some bonfires as it got cold at night, and in the morning, even colder.

On the fourth day, at ten o;clock, after all passengers were on shore, carts were brought for the older people and the children; the rest of us went on foot. The road took us into the forests--no one could imagine how in this day the roads through the forests could have been in such terrible condition: we climbed mountains where you went down into valleys. Despite the heat, there were many water puddles which were deep--about a meter and a half. We were a long procession; the last one in the line could not see the first one at the head. The sun was burning and beating on our heads, and at four o'clock we finally reached a settlement where we were able to catch our breath and rest. After a two-hour inspection by the military, they took us into a house--three rooms and a hallway. This was sufficient only for people to lie down. Then we were given our first meal--good and plentiful: a loaf of bread, two eggs, a can of sardines; a piece of sausage, tomato, lemon, grapes, and a pack of cigarettes. After dinner we rested, and until everyone found a place, it was eleven o'clock.

At five in the morning we arose and got ready to be on our way. This time we needed additional carts because many of us were very weak and unable to walk. The guards were military men, and we were not allowed to walk away from them.

On August 10, we moved on our way, filled with hope that soon we would reach the train we needed to catch, but it took us the entire day, with very little food, until 11:30 at night. As was the previous day, the roads were in very bad condition--I have no strength to describe the fear of WALKING on that horrible road at night IN COMPLETE DARKNESS: we didn't know where we were and next to whom we were walking with. Out of despair, many wanted to strike; they wanted to die here rather than go on; but go on we did. We reached a high mountain--we only saw it as dawn came--and we stopped.

The young people, exhausted, stretched out and slept somewhat; the rest of us spent nights close to the fire and did not sleep. Next day we were again on the road, with conditions no better than previously; and walked on and on until eleven o'clock. This time we received toast, nuts, tomatoes and watermelon. From here we traveled by car. It would seem it would be fortunate for us to travel by car, but in fact we would have preferred to walk still another night on foot rather than travel a half hour in that car. We drove down the high mountain on a very narrow path overlooking an abyss. We were this time crammed into two cars; there were 50 people in one car, and at every turn we felt that we would be tossed out of the car onto the cliffs, but the bus drivers really knew their trade. We finally arrived at a small village. We stopped; some of us were taken into the Schoolhouse, some to the Mosque. It was the first time we were able to undress and wash ourselves. Finally, after a good meal, we rested on mats and mattresses, which seemed to us like pillows of feathers!

Next day, August 12, we continued on our way by bus; this time we had a bit more space--only thirty people in each bus. We rode to the railway station--75 kilometers away. Would you believe that we traveled that stretch of road for 24 hours straight, except for the last two kilometers when we had to walk. The bus broke down and we spent a whole night in a field as they tried to repair the bus. Finally we got to the railway station. They allowed one freight car for every 20-25 people--plenty of space. We left in the evening and arrived at Istanbul. On the following day, the Jews of Istanbul--a delegation--awaited us at the railway station. They were very nice and tried very hard to provide us with everything we needed. They took care of us day and night and tried to make our stay very pleasant. At the railway station we got tea; then left the waiting room and taken by bus to the schoolhouse accompanied by a Turkish guard. On both sides of the road there were Turkish guards, and the local Jewish people were not allowed to talk to us. At the gate of the school we received food supplies; this time, the water, postcards, etc. were given to us by the Jewish institutions. Next morning we had our

breakfast and, like the preceding day, traveled by bus until we got to the harbor; from there, by ship, and taken to the Asian shore; then from there to the railway station. We waited several hours, then settled in the passenger train. Before the train entered the station we received a package of food. After two days we crossed the Turkish border, and the British authorities received us. We were transferred to a freight train and traveled, accompanied by British guards made up of Indian soldiers, and this time, too, we were allowed only to leave the train to receive our ration of food. At each station they removed the sick people, and on August 19th, 1944, we arrived at A----, numbering 368 souls. WE HAD ARRIVED AT THE LAND OF ISRAEL!!

(Note from transcriber:)
Here is a record which does not seem to be connected to the above incidents)

We left in two groups, 175 people in each group. The first group left on February 3; the last, on February 7. We left the camp with strong wishes for those we were leaving behind. That day was very cold--under a constant rain we were on our way. This time the trains were somewhat more comfortable; each one of us had an assigned seat; food rations were meager; the ride was very long--so many stops--after eight days we reached the border between France and Spain. Here the doors to our cars were opened, and we knew what country we were in by the language being spoken. We got to the inspection bureau and here our documents were returned to us; they had been taken from us in Salonika (Greece). Our hopes were that Spain would receive us well, but we were disappointed. Very quickly they let us know that we could only PASS THROUGH SPAIN. We thought it would take only a few days but, in fact, it lasted three months!
Our next destination was Morocco. The Joint Distribution Committee there received us nicely; they did everything they could to keep us there for a few hours so that we could catch a train going to Barcelona. We ate in a good restaurant, and towards evening boarded a train for Barcelona. At 1 p.m. on Feb. 14, we reached Barcelona. Here, too, the Joint Distribution Committee took care of us: arranged for us to stay in a hotel; sent us medical care as well. We can never thank the Joint

Distribution Committee enough for all they did for us; through them we somehow regained our strength to go on with our journey. We of course had to leave Spain, and with the aid of a refugee organization who took care of us (they asked the help of the French authorities) we were allowed to reach Morocco. We were then taken to a camp a short distance from Casablanca. In that refugee camp we arranged our utensils as best we could and began to feel as though we were permanent residents there. When it came time for us to leave, we were sorry because the Americans who ruled this section did everything they could to provide us with our needs and assist us in many ways. THEY were the ones who encouraged us, lifted our spirits and even gave us work to do, earning some money, and encouraging us to save our money just to visit and enjoy the area around us.

In October we left Casablanca and were on our way to Cairo, Egypt--18 days of very difficult train travel before we reached Port Said. At the last minute, directions were changed--and would you believe--that from here they would go directly to the LAND OF ISRAEL!!!

Cass #2, side #2
(BLANK)

(THIS IS PROBABLY THE CONCLUDING TAPE)

(CASS #3, SIDE #1)

... After turning on L Street from P Street, an SS officer would be standing there giving a signal. At a distance from him, another SS guard would be standing there taking out a certain number of workers from the ranks. A little further distance, there were three more SS officers standing there. When one worker was pulled out of the ranks, another one would follow in his place. Those workers taken out of the ranks would be pushed aside and assembled on one spot, and there they would be accompanied by a guard and led away. On that day, a thousand people were pulled out of the ranks--without any noise--without any firing--accompanied by the music of the JEWISH ORCHESTRA! Those remaining continued on their way to work, depressed, discouraged.

On March 30, the largest factory was closed down; 600 Jews were employed in that factory. Replacing the Jewish workers who had been fired came a battalion of volunteer workers who were drafted from among the prisoners of the Russian army-- dressed in German uniforms, without weapons. The administrator of the factory was unwilling to fire the workers who had been working there from the very beginning--from 1941. They returned these fired workers to the JUDENLAGE as usual on the evening of March 30. By mid-April the number of workers was reduced by one-half. Those fired workers who had been housed up to this time in the barracks outside the Judencamp were forced to return INSIDE the Judencamp. Reduction of the workers continued, and by May 22, 1943, at 9 o'clock in the evening, I sat with my wife in the laundry house when I heard a knock on the door. I peeked through a hole in the lock and saw a strange man dressed in civilian clothes. I asked him what he wanted; he said he had some private business to talk to be about. I did NOT want to open the door; and I explained to him that I had no authority to let any stranger inside the house; but he begged me; so I opened the gate. He said he was sent to me by a man who wanted to buy hides--skins. I said I had nothing of the kind for sale--it must be some mistake. When he left, I told my wife there was something suspicious about it. A few moments later, there was another knock on the door. As I peeked through the hole, I saw one of the SS men shout: OPEN UP!! Immediately I destroyed all of my forged documents, and other papers; then I opened the door. He stormed into the room, beat me, then yelled: "WHERE ARE YOU HIDING THE JEWS!!

then forced me into the courtyard, and left my wife alone. They led me to J Street #18; there a car was ready; a few Gestapo men were looking, standing there, as I was being led away with continuous beating. I was taken inside a house and brought into a room of the laundry workers. All of the workers were kicked out of the room; The Gestapo man sat on a sofa and said, with a smile: "The Jews found quite a good hiding place." I asked permission to make a comment, and he allowed me. I explained to him that this was not a hiding place at all; that here were all the workers who worked in the laundry and lived here; all had identification papers. I also showed him my own identification papers. When he found out that everything was O.K. he returned all of us to the laundry. I couldn't return to my home because my wife, out of fear, did not want to open the door at any cost; she hid in a hiding place that had been installed there. I opened a window and went in; took out my wife, and only then did the Gestapo go away.

On the 28th, in the morning, Dr. L., Secretary to Kaufmann came and announced that at 7 o'clock in the morning they called him from the Gestapo and scolded him: "Why were forged documents distributed and why were Jews allowed to be outside the JUDENLAGE--the Jewish camp. After many attempts by Kaufmann, an order was given that we were allowed to remain in the laundry, but in the evening we were forced to return to the Jewish camp where apartments were given to us. This is how I returned to the Jewish quarter after nine months.

On June 1st, my friend, Mr. Binder, pleaded with me to return home early at 5:15 and not at six o'clock as usual. Argument was that he had to arrange a few things for his daughter who was coming home--she had fled from the train leading to BELZEC. Two daughters of Mr. Binder were missing; they had been taken in the month of May during the action that took place. Those who were not shot were led to BELZEC. Mr. Binder's daughters succeeded in leaping from the train as it was in motion: one was killed by a bullet aimed at her; the other was saved and returned to the Jewish camp. I agreed to join Mr. Binder, and we left together as usual. In so doing we endangered our lives and the lives of our friends. After we left, Commander Gabor sent his men after us. Gabor had wanted for a long time to have charge of the

LAUNDRY. He came to an agreement with the administrator, Kaufmann, that he would leave on condition that he would keep all the workers in the laundry. Gabor knew also that that evening the destruction of the JUDENLAGE would take place, and wanted to take over the laundry and send people to bring back the workers. However, no one was alive any more except for MYSELF--saved by a MIRACLE--no one else remained alive, and he was unable to take over the laundry. That same day as we returned to the Jewish camp, we encountered at the entrance a mob of people; we found out that on the inside they, the Jewish militia, were being evacuated. All signs pointed to the end of the Jewish camp; there were still rumors that it was not the end; in other words, there were still people who were living with their ILLUSIONS. The furor grew, and everything became clear at 8:30 in the evening when the Ukranians and others began to surround the camp and beat the Jews with whips and sticks. There was no doubt in our minds that this indeed was the end. Many people, especially the younger ones, tried to save their souls by escaping and trying to jump over the fence around the Jewish camp, but to no avail--jumping from the frying pan into the fire. On the other side of the fence there were guards, and the first shots were heard. Usually, a man of the Jewish Militia sat at the entrance to the Jewish camp, but this time he was replaced by an SS man and a gang of Ukranians. We all began running round trying to hide in places like bunkers. That same night, people were being dragged out of these hiding places; the bunker where I was hiding, together with three other people, was discovered on the morning of June 2nd, at nine o'clock. A machinegun was positioned at the entrance, and a shout rang out: AROUS--GET OUT! We were forced to leave our hiding place and came out with our arms raised. We already could see the houses going up in flames--billows of smoke rising. We could see dead bodies in the streets and BEASTS IN THE IMAGE OF MAN! I waited for the right moment, then fled to Yaakov Herman Street, where our laundry is located; there I moved to #5, and there I tried my luck in this new hiding place. After about two hours, this place, too, was revealed, and this time we were led to the immense square where about 1500 people were assembled. We were forced to sit on the ground without moving. In front of the house #15, there was a

table loaded with wine bottles and glasses. The SS men were sitting around the table drinking heavily. The Jews would walk past them as they were being led to an open wagon. One officer commented by saying that nothing would happen to us and that, in fact, we were only going to a new labor camp.

The Jews in the Jewish camp who were on roofs and in attics were thrown down; bodies as well as wounded were burned in the burning houses--many children were burned to death!

From the last stop, we went on our way, walking along the railway tracks not far from the Christian orphanage. There we saw about 200 people assembled; these 200 were told to face the PIT. They were ordered to undress, then the shooting behind them began. As soon as they were hit, their bodies fell into the pit; then the SS men threw hand grenades onto the piles of bodies and the whole thing exploded! What was left was a mixture of flesh and parts of bodies soaking in blood. First the women and children were shot; one of the women went over to the men to have still a few minutes to spend with them; those to die knew before undressing that their money and all belongings were thrown into a crate; the ASSASSINS were not able to liquidate all of us in one day, and the rest including myself were left for the next day. New groups from the Jewish camp where many had fled were brought in. The enemy was especially cruel to those who were brought from the city: they were first tortured before being shot. Sometime in the evening, men from the SS would come and visit us; and one evening Katzmann himself would come to see how the job was being implemented. When it was going too slow, he ordered 300 men to be killed. The night went on, as we were sitting without being allowed to move; legs and arms spread out with the motion of the gunshots.

On July 3, destruction began at 4 o'clock in the morning. The first order was: women, get up, then men, get up. I found myself in the first group surrounded by SS, and I do not know why, but I was asked to go on the other side--right. I went to the right, then was forced to turn left, but after an hour or so again I was told to go to the right; there I stayed. Time came to undress. I found myself near a cart filled with the clothes of those who had been killed. This cart SAVED MY LIFE! loading of the carts was done by Jews of the camp who were especially assigned to this job; youngsters who loaded the

clothes touched me and motioned to hide there; one of them put a pile of clothes on top of me; then he gave me a shirt which bore the sign of someone from within the camp. Dressed like that I was able to disappear without anyone noticing me. While still in the cart I was able to see what was going on. I turned my eyes to the sight where my wife was standing, so that I could see her FOR THE LAST TIME. She stood silently; then I saw her being shot and fall into the PIT along with the others. This sight hasn't left me EVER--days and nights I see it! I will NEVER be able to describe it. This destructive action went on for several days, and for weeks thereafter Jews were being discovered in hiding places without food or water--the desire to LIVE was so strong that people would expend their last bit of energy. At the very end of this action, the City of LVOV was declared JUDENREIN! FREE OF JEWS!

(Let me explain the distinction between JUDENREIN and JUDENFREI: The first term means that there are no more Jews living in a certain place but living at some other place; the second term JUDENFREI tells us that the Jews who were killed in certain places were not alive anymore--they were all killed.)

After the destruction of the JUDENLAGE labor camp where the Jews were working, and a few weeks after the invasion of the city by the Germans, several SS men took care of the economy of the city. From the beginning, one of the factories set up branches in Lvov and other places, and next to this institution, a concentration camp was set up. In Lvov it was located on Yanov Street #134. The head of this institution was Gabor (or Gavor), commandant of the concentration camp DACHAU. He was a man of 28; first he seemed to be very nice in his way of speaking and behaving. In the early period the laborers drafted for work were picked up on the streets of the cities. These workers were not permanent. In the evening after their work, they would go home. Conditions from the very start were difficult;work was done under the supervision of the SS who forced the workers to speed up and would also be beaten, but they would not kill them!

One evening in November 1941, all the workers were locked up in prison or in barracks, and around their arm, pieces of material were sewn on the front and back. On the back was painted the hair on the head and the beard, and this is what the first laborers of the labor camp looked like in Lvov. First there were 600 workers;

As the barracks increased, so did the number of workers, reaching several thousand. Remote towns would provide the workers for Lvov. Workers from Lvov were sent to other towns. Shelves in the factory were used for sleeping quarters; the workers would be crammed on these shelves with their clothing, holding their belongings in their hands--which was NOTHING, because when they were taken from the camps they were stripped of almost all of their belongings; they were forbidden to have any money.whoever was caught with money would be shot immediately. Outside the camp there was one lavatory with 12 seats; one bathhouse used by 20 men at one time. There was also a Jewish militia at the camp. The guards were SS men and Ukranian volunteers with uniforms and weapons. Jews were divided into groups according to their place of work: a Jewish brigadier was assigned as head of each group; he would wear a brown band around his right sleeve. The workers knew no peace night or day; sleep at nine in the evening; up at three; forced to get up, wash and get some breakfast; at four they were assembled, and at five, at work. In the same camp were Aryans who slept in special barracks; they wore a RED piece of material; the Ukranians, blue. Poles and Ukranians were also sent to this camp sentenced to three or six months imprisonment. After they served their time, they were liberated. The most important places of work were the railway and the railway tracks. Workers were distinguished from the rest of the Jews by three things: during the day they were relieved of seeing the faces of the SS and were allowed to meet with other people in the city; sometimes they were able to get some warm food; but those who remained at the camp without a place of work were subjected to the most terrible conditions: at times there was work to be done at night; everyone was forced to seek out valuables; most of the time the SS would confiscate them and keep them; if something else was found which was not voluntarily given, the SS would shoot the person on the spot. Extermination of the camp took place in November 1941; the SS took care of the extermination in different ways and for different reasons. Inmates would have to hand over their clothes to be disinfected, and after they had washed, they received disinfected clothes--BUT NOT THEIRS! The inmates would grab the best clothes they could find; this would get out of hand, resulting in the SS firing into the crowd and dozens would fall. There were incidents where the guards would

fire at the people at the work place itself and kill them outright. The Commandant was expert at STRANGLING people! He would approach a worker at the camp, talk to him, then while he was talking, he would get closer and closer to the worker, put his hands around his neck and strangle him! He would do this very often and got the nickname the STRANGLER! One of the workers stole a few potatoes. Gabor found out about it; he called the man over; told him to climb into the kettle of BOILING WATER where something was cooking; closed the lid, sat on it, and after a few minutes said, "I have a feeling that the potatoes are well cooked"-- and left! He did this quietly and calmly. He ruled the camp until May 1944. Then a new man was appointed to head the camp--Assistant Director Wilhaus, a disciple (sadist) of the concentration camp at DACHAU. He, too, was very elegant; tall, sportsmanlike; always smiling. His assistant was a Pole, a member of an orchestra in a cafe. Several months later, the assistant was transferred to Tarnapol where he got sick and died. Wilhaus lived with his wife and daughter at the camp; he always carried a submachine gun and would fire JUST LIKE THAT! He would often stand with his wife on the balcony of his house and fire at the workers who would walk by. Once he ordered some of the workers at the camp to RUN to his house and guard it; then he would shoot at them like birds flying for shelter. One of his guests whom he had especially invited for this sport would enjoy seeing many of his victims fall. TERRIBLE were the scenes when the Jews were forced to strip the clothing of the victims; many of them, their friends; to take off their shoes--the shoes of their brothers; their loved ones. The situation of the Jews who worked in the Jewish cemetery was no good. As was well known, the workers were forced by the government to destroy the Jewish cemeteries. Every morning hundreds of workers would go out to work, but very few returned. Those who remained were obliged to carry a piece of TOMBSTONE on his back to be used for pavements, roads and streets. One could see pieces of tombstone with the inscription still visible on the pavements. Going to work in the mornings, one could hear the order: RUN! Whoever was late or too slow, or too tired to run would be pulled out

of the ranks, put behind barbed wires; exits were guarded by the SS who forced the men to run, then tripped them. Those who stumbled and fell were shot instantly.

In the Summer of 1942, an orchestra of Jewish musicians was organized like the Jewish camp in the JUDENLAGE. The orchestra would play every day before the workers went out to work. Songs were composed; Jews were forced to DANCE every day to the music of the orchestra. Wilhaus would invite guests to watch this gruesome spectacle; those workers who didn't work too hard were shot in a few days

Towards the end of 1943, the cleaning place was canceled, and all the Jews who worked there (a total of 500) were "lost." The service at the cleaning place was the easiest, and those working there had special connections or had paid a substantial sum of money. This work had something good about it, though: when the worker took out the garbage, some kind-hearted passerby would slip them some food. With the destruction of the Jewish camp, the JUDENLAGE, the Jewish militia was also destroyed. Inasmuch as the extermination of ALL the Jews in ALL the factories was impossible immediately, thousands of workers were transferred to labor camps, with special camps for women. (I was able to join the camp and thus saved from destruction!) I will describe life in that camp for I, too, lived there. When I came to that camp I found the well-known lawyer, Rutkart Okster (?) of the revolutionaries in Lvov. He was among the first ones of the labor camp. No one in that camp--and there were thousands of them--had anything bad to say about this man; he tried in every way to help everyone, and until I myself left the camp, he refused to think about himself--he simply did not want to leave his friends behind. The only means of surviving was to ESCAPE. Wilhaus had told this man very clearly that he would be the last one to be shot, and that he, Wilhaus, would do it! Even the SS men, in talking about this wonderful man, the lawyer, would praise him. When he arrived at the camp he gave me some clothes and I was told that if HE would be called, I should answer HERE; otherwise I would not be able to be attached to the camp.

The following day, June 4, 1943, in the morning, the groups were ready for the newcomer. I had not yet been

assigned for work. On that particular day I was forced to work inside the camp. The commandant was there barking out the orders:PUT ON YOUR HATS; TAKE OFF YOUR HATS; TURN RIGHT; TURN LEFT, etc. etc., many many times. First I was forced to carry boards, walking in groups of two; then forced to carry the boards by myself. I was unable to carry such a heavy load; I would take a few steps, then fall. The entire day was spent like this: I had no specific job; wasn't given any food. Of course, I had no money either.

Then, on June 5, Saturday, as usual, the sound of the Jewish orchestra could be heard playing; the workers were to go out to work and I, too, came out. Next to the gate some people and one of the SS requested 100 people and one Jewish engineer; he received permission to select people according to his will. Naturally, all of us wanted to be under the supervision of the Jewish engineer--we all pushed towards him. Then the SS told the people to go back to their places; stand in groups of five and counted 20 rows. He ordered the engineer to choose the people he needed. We were all given shovels and spades and moved in the direction of ----. We felt we would never return. At a distance we saw Wilhaus riding on his horse. Immediately we knew this was BAD NEWS, as Wilhaus enjoyed watching extermination scenes. I have to admit that this knowledge made no impression on me--such life could actually be called LIFE? Wilhaus came closer to us; the lawyer walked to Wilhaus and said: "I was a major in the reserves of the Austro-Hungarian Army; I received medals of gold and silver. I demand from you some MERCY. Wilhaus said:"WHY?" The lawyer answered there is no secret where you are leading us. Wilhaus asked: "How do you know that you will not return? ALIVE? I promise you that you will return--DO YOU BELIEVE ME?" The lawyer answered: "As an officer I believe you." Wilhaus answered: "I have promised that all of you will return--DO YOU BELIEVE ME?" The lawyer said yes. Now Wilhaus asked: "Do you still want the BULLET OF MERCY?" "Yes" answered the lawyer. Wilhaus rode a little further, and we got close to and approached a mass grave which was wide open! The sight and smell was horrible and unbelievable. All of us had loved ones in that grave; it looked as if the entire mass was moving; we just couldn't explain this impression. Suddenly, the SS men picked up a hose

and began covering the grave with dirt; then did we begin very slowly to work. In an hour or so Wilhaus again appeared on his horse and said: "Where is the lawyer?" The lawyer walked forward, and again repeated his request. Wilhaus then asked WHY? The lawyer said, "I am 57 years old, and I cannot do this work." "All right," said Wilhaus, "you will be shot and you will be buried with your clothes on, and in a special grave. He hinted to his assistant standing nearby who immediately shot the lawyer. The lawyer fell. Wilhaus then called four volunteers and we, four of us, who were with the lawyer, came forward and were given the order to dig one meter deep and to bury the lawyer with his clothes. Woe to him who would check his pockets and try to strip him of his clothing. We buried the lawyer and put a sign on his grave. An hour later food was brought to us in a cart. Later, Wilhaus reappeared, and asked us where the lawyer was buried. He ordered the sign taken away; threw it on the ground, and ordered us to return to the camp. We were told at the camp that on that same day 150 men out of 360 workers, were shot. In the morning, small groups of Jews who had been caught in the city were brought to the camp, and in the evening, a Polish man also was shot; he was a butcher--shot because he had taken his friend, his wife and two children in hiding; they, too, were all shot.

On the following day, the 6th of June, I stood in front of the commandant and the DAW group. I had known of the commandant from earlier days because I used to arrange his financial matters. I was able to work once more in the Laundry. In the evening of that same day, about 100 men were sent once more to their graves. Meantime, all traces of these actions were erased and the decision was to burn the bodies of all the dead people. Now this operation required more people to do this work; therefore a group who used to work for the military was transfered to a special barracks built right next to the mass grave. These workers were isolated from the camp; their task was to open the graves, then pour gas, cover the graves with wood, then ignite them! The burning of bodies went on for many days, under SS supervision.

On the morning of the third day, I went, accompanied by one of the SS men, to the city to work in the Laundry. In LVOV

I saw camps of Ukranians and Germans walking around the streets, fully armed. I found out that many Jews who held Aryan documents were arrested and shot. This was the routine: whoever was suspected of being a Jew or non-Aryan would be taken into a room, forced to drop his pants, and he was proven to be a Jew, was shot immediately. That day I saw bodies strewn all over a number of streets, in the alleys, and many other places. It is a fact that all over LVOV Jewish corpses could be seen. On one street, 20 people were shot; they had tried to escape from the JUDENLAGE thru the sewers; that day I was the ONLY JEW WALKING THE STREETS OF THE CITY. The Gentiles would stare at me in astonishment--as if I were a stranger from another planet! After all the killings of the Jews, those Gentiles did not believe that there could possibly be ONE SINGLE SURVIVING JEW IN LVOV!

On the 9th of June, I was told by a man named Label, who also worked at the DAW, and had an important job, that he had met my son in the street! He had just returned from the Ukraine for the fourth time. My son arranged to meet me without further delay near the barracks. The meeting was arranged with the help of Mr. Lévitzky, a Communist, who used to work before the war inthe city theater and now was an agent working in the house of the administrator, Kaufmann. I received permission to go there. I met my son, and this time he told me that he would not leave LVOV unless I went with him; that his friend was already at the railway station waiting with three passengers also from the Ukraine. I returned to the DAW and sought the advice of Schlechter, and I asked him to travel with me. He asked for two days to get ready for the journey. Next day I again met my son and told him of our plan. On June 11, 1943, at six a.m., Schlechter announded to me that Dr. K., the head of the hospital, had decided to join us as well, and we were told to go to the JUDENLAGE, the Jewish camp. Dr. K was very friendly; he was well respected--the only Jew who had shaken hands with two murderes and Wilhaus, for Dr. K was their doctor!
When I came to the JUDENLAGE this time after its destruction, I saw a horrible sight: streets literally covered with dead bodies and Jews tryingto clear the streets; among them I

saw a woman friend. The dead bodies were brought to Jacob Herman Street #15. It seemed as if the house was a WAREHOUSE, and the dead--the MERCHANDISE! From there we went to house #3 which used to be the laundry house. There were no machines there: the earth was dug;^SS men eagerly looking everywhere for some treasures. Houses were in ruins, flooded with water, and feathers floating all over. Some carts of the JUDENLAGE held remnants of the Jews' possessions: clothes and shoes had been stolen by the Germans. At twelve noon we went to Levitzky who greeted us with wine and sandwiches. Since my son did not appear, Dr. K. called and was told that my son would be delayed; and that they would send an SS man to accompany me to the camp. My son only arrived at four o'clock. Levitzky gave my son a letter from Dr. Kirchoff suggesting that my son take a room in his hospital during the night to complete preparations for the trip. So, at six o'clock an SS man came to take me to the camp, but in the morning I was overwhelmed with some very bad news: my son and Dr. Kirchoff were no longer alive! I couldn't understand what had happened, and until now I cannot grasp the tragedy. I ran to Schlechter, and he confirmed the rumor, and added that the preceding night, late in the evening, WILHAUS arrested Dr. Kirchoff and 40 workers from the hospital. He replaced Dr. Kirchoff with a Dr. Rappaport and assigned him a few workers. Wilhaus then shot the 40 people, including my son. It was impossible to believe that my son and Dr. K were no longer alive! I knew that only in fairly unusual cases were people shot in the middle of the night! I went to the nightwatch and there I found my son's clothing as well as the clothing of the other corpses. WHAT CAN I SAY?? On June 13 I was told that on P Street where the tailor's workshop was to be found, the responsible person was a Jew; that on his way to Israel he was drowned in the sea, the following incident took place: On Friday night, two SS men came to the tailorshop and knocked on the door; the door was opened and one of the SS men came in; the other one remained outside. Meantime someone knocked quietly on the door and opened it a little bit; the SS man who was in the hallway told the person to come in; stood him against the wall, aimed his pistol at him, all the while showering him with questions; then another person opened the door slightly to

see what was going on; the SS man ran to grab him, but that person shot at him and, unfortunately, only wounded him. Immediately, SS men surrounded the house and arrested four people.

(This last seems to be somewhat confusing, but that concludes tape #3 (sides 1 and 2).

Tape #4--defective.

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Ralph is making
a copy of Page 36
for you. It seems
to be missing here
Marie

another train which took us to -----. The following day, at 8 o'clock in the evening, we reached our destination and there a Jewish boy awaited us. He was a Soviet citizen who looked like an Aryan. He took us to our temporary residence. We were taken to a room where my daughter lived; my son had taken her there earlier to the Ukraine. My daughter had rented that room; she had told the landlord that she was waiting for her "engineer" and now she told them that I was was that engineer. I was greeted. I would raise my right hand and shout HEIL HITLER which was the customary thing to do for those fleeing the Ukraine. From here we traveled to Roumania. What happend to the Jews remaining in the camp in Lvov, we found out from people who came after us. According to an estimate, about a thousand people must have been, not from Lvov, but from the surrounding villages. Our escape from the Ukraine until we reached the shores of Israel is an episode by itself, and will be told as a separate story.

As a Jew and a father, I first must tell you about my son, Nunya Ferber who, with his friends, were the working souls of the RESCUE. My son is no more, as I mentioned earlier, for he was killed but, thanks to my son, several people were saved from the tortures and killings by the Nszis, and many of them are still living with us today.

The apartment on J Street #18 was a kind of rescue center; there were three rooms and a kitchen. Two of the rooms served as a kind of office for Mr. Kaufmann; the third room and the kitchen were given to me and my family by Mr. Kaufmann. I did not use the room, for I felt better at the laundry place, but my son did use it by turning it over to a number of rescuers. This latter group would smuggle Jews from Lvov. Several Jews from Lvov left from this apartment. A great help to them was the agent of this house, a Mr. Levitzky. My son constantly made connections with people who came from the Ukraine; he was the go-between for those coming from the Ukraine and those wanting to escape. My son took great risks; and both my wife and I never slept at night just thinking of mu son's risks and his work. We couldn't stop him because I knew that due to his help many Jews were saved. Furthermore, he didn't limit his work just by being a go-between; he took an active role as well--he would steal from the administrator,

Kaufmann, official forms from his typewriter. These forms were invaluable to my son as well as to many other groups. My son's job was beyond any human activity: at night my son would run around the city, without the band on his arm; every time he came back to us it was like a miracle. Due to the extermination action in June, my son began thinking of escape from Lvov. He equipped himself with Aryan documents; he seized a document from a "convert" and asked to be resettled in Warsaw or another city. But by this action he realized that this would only save HIMSELF and wouldn't help other souls--not even his family.

In January, the following incident took place: The German police delivered to our Laundry about 100 kilograms of Jewish belongings; among them were robes, furs, etc. After I returned all the clothing, an officer bearing two stars, came to me with a whip in his hand, and screamed, raved, and ranted, accusing me of stealing 23 shirts--and demanded that I return them to him; if not, I would be shot! I tried to convince him that I had returned EVERYTHING, but it didn't help. He refused to listen. My son, who had overheard this conversation notified Mr. Kaufmann immediately and he came. Mr. Kaufmann turned to the officer and told him that HE was the administrator of the Laundry, and that if he had any complaint he should talk to him. He invited the officer to his office and quieted him down somewhat. This matter reached the main office, and in a short while I was invited to the City Bureau. The assistant to the mayor and the SS were there. I gave the assistant my documents, stating that I had returned all the shirts according to the number and weight; there was a difference of 100 grams. The officer then admitted that it must have been the work of his people; that they must have stolen the shirts. This incident made such an impact on my son that he decided to put an end to all this life-threatening situation; his first concern was how to get hold of documents--this was no easy matter. The smugglers rarely used real stamps; most of the time they had to use forged stamps. I also must add that anyone in possession of such stamps was in REAL DANGER. My son did not want to depend on the smugglers and they did not agree to reveal their secret, so the first time he traveled was on April 6, 1943, and on April 13, suddenly there were knocks on my door. I opened the door and saw my son! I was so happy to see him still alive! From that time on I was not so concerned because I knew that after he had succeeded, he would

continue. How my son succeeded in disguising himself, I found out the following day: a cleaning lady who used to work for us before the war told me that the day before she traveled in a car and saw my son dressed in a NAZI UNIFORM. My son was traveling in the front part of the car. As my son was traveling in the front car, a man dressed in Ukranian uniform of the militia tried to get in the car, but my son pushed him away with his foot (juast as he saw the Germans do), and wouldn't allow the Ukranian to get on the car. That same day, the Administrator Kaufmann complained to me, for he, too, had seen my son in the Nazi uniform, and he, Kaufmann, was forced to salute him on ---- Street, by raising his right hand; and Kaufmann told me that someone will bring disaster on himself and on me.

Another incident--an even worse one: My son was walking at night in the street and met a gang of ----. Without even thinking, he fled to Kaufmann's apartment which was close by. Kaufmann complained and said: "What would have happened if there had been at that particular time some German guests in my house?" A short while went by before my son decided once more to go to the Ukraine;this time he took my daughter (his sister) and eight more people with him. He couldn't take me or my wife at that time because the situation in the Ukraine at that time was becoming worse. The trip, however, was successful, so he repeated the trip two more times, each time taking groups of people with him.

My son's end came when he fell into the hands of the murderers in Lvov, so I was "relieved" of my only son--my son who sacrificed his life in the name of God to help so many of our "miserable" people. Thahks to my beloved son, so many are alive--yet, I would say now that my wife is luckier than I am, for in her death she knew that her only son was still alive!!

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